

# Free Beer Press

HARD ON THE BEAVER, AND PROUD OF IT

Comics '84

#10

DICK ACTION



PIGBOY  
UNLEASHED!



STRANGE FRUIT



BLACK FLAG



BABOON DOOLEY!



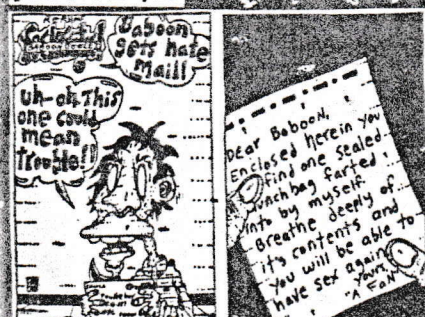
SUMMER '85



HIT, GEEKS! Howdy and welcome to FBP number TEN. Sorry we're late (not really) but we been busier than shit. Not only have I been stalking the perfect tan but I also got myself TWO JOBS. Now, that means money and that rhymes with honey and that stands for sweet. And speakin of honey, mine just left so I wanna inform all you female-types that the Big D is unattached and lookin for some fresh pussy, some savage ass, and a few cheap and sleazy affairs. Intelligent conversation optional (of course).

**STRANGE FRUIT: SIN EATERS PICNIC** - Jeez I expected wierd, but never this. My god, whatta beast! We're talkin major transcendental enebriation here, and though we poke alotta fun at these geeks they've managed to come up with one luscious little l.p. Hot performances, great production and yet not all that er, um, noise that hounded the 'Abiku' e.p. I mean, dey got songs; good ones, too. Zits to click: 'Flower Song' and 'Beefy's Revenge,' both reminiscent of 'On Top Of A Hill,' 'alotta people's favorite off the aforementioned e.p. ('alotta people' being me and some drunk I met at a Campus Life meeting). Then theres the Strange Fruit theme song and i swear to god it sounds like Debbie Harry fronting a zombie pop band. Its about Jody, 'an original nigger from the woodpile,' and whats Jody into? Does he paint well? Does he excell at math? Hell no, he 'spent his days seducing the wild young daughters of southern gentlemen.' Sheesh, those wacky negros! No info on who's doin what so I don't know who's torturing the guitar, but I will say that he and Sherri (voice) are gnarly thru-out and have earned my permo devotion. And did I mention the slow jazzy horn part? Tom Waits from Mars, if ya ask me. I mean, this gunk slithers thru murky green bogs. Kinda makes me wanna cash in my chips and swim off to Atlantis. Hey, this is acid music, pure and simple. Pig-boy says this stuff is best with the lights off and I gotta agree. Just 5 bux folks, and you too can turn off your mind, relax, and float downstream.

**TWISTED VALUE: TAKE IT FOR GRANTED EP** - In case anyone has forgotten, the year is 1985. Sure, you say you know that, but apparently some people don't. Take these Twisted for instance, still wallowing in that golden era of punk between '75 and '79. And blowing it. Fast, amelodic, indecipherable lyrics; the whole schtick. And it aint that the entire schtick is so bad, its that these morons make such a mess of it. The production stinks and the lyrics sound like they found em rummaging thru some 12 year old's junk drawer. But hey, these guys are socially concious: 'Legal Murder' is an actual anti-abortion song. Whew, I don't know where these guys buy their diapers but I think its time for some new safty pins. See ya.



C'MON, KIDS!  
IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE

# Dick action

Yah, it's me - Dick and I'm in a bad mood, on accounta I just broke up with my male lover Roman (and I also just got put back in da joint). It's a truly weenie throbbling tale that began with Roman 'Rudolph Neuring' across this barn and outta my life, and ended, sad but true, with me incarcerated back in da pen. On Lake Street, no less. I like da jail here 'cos there's lotsa guys I can relate to - yah! in more ways than one!! Actually I am kinda glad to be back in da joint 'cos Pinto really needed some competent medical attention (and my Mutual of Omaha policy has lapsed) - whats a 'guy' ta do?

At the hearing, this DA babe kept calling me a 'known pedophile' (whatever that means). I said I was just a dick for hire, but I could tell from her expression that she thought I was some kind of sicko, even tho she obviously, kinda-like, wanted me. I'm not into women so's I let her see exhibit 'P' and she got the idea and split. I got sent here.

I saw the doc yesterday and he says I got 'granuloma inguinale' on accounta all the pus and stuff. It's a bad scene and poor Pinto isn't getting alota action lookin the way he does. I guess the 1st doc (or was he a vet) really fucked up with the implant operation. But hey, back to da meat of da matter. Da fuckin porkers nabbed me in Texas Corners. I even had my pants down, in a gas station restroom. But I don't care 'cos it was worth it! Ya see I had this 'religious' experience in the form of an enlivening romp at the Scout Camp just south of KVCC - ya know?!. Ahhhh, alls I had ta do was borrow a boy scout uniform from my pal Chris and get ready for the treasure hunt. When a curious cub came along I'd lure him over within grabbing distance. I used peanut MSM's and made a little trail and that's how I lured em away from the group. I also brought along a washcloth and some ether (voices carry in the woods, ya know). Oh heavenly day, it was GREAT! as I said before: experience only knows the joys of violating the unconscious body. And WOW, due to the tykes muscle spasms, the sheer fun of sodomy and the lack of physical resistance - I got off HARD!! Extra hard. Maybe too hard 'cos I really messed the skin grafts up, and shit, they'd almost all healed, maybe this time I'll learn - Pinto's still real sore and tender, it hurts when I try ta beat off even!

OWWW and then sometimes when my pajama pants adhere to the oozy sores on Pinto and dry there - YEOW - it's a bitch ta stand up! I sure hope the pennysillan the doc gave me works, otherwise he says I gotta have a Pinto-ectomy and I sure dunno about that! Anyways I also got this salve and I'm supposed ta rub it on every 4 hours but it kinda smells and ..... oh yeah, I almost forgot, after I'd seen the doc I went back ta my cell and noticed I got a new roommate. His name is Matt and he's very nice. Teehee - maybe now I'll be able ta get over Roman. Ya know, with Matts help I hope Pinto will be just fine and once he learns how ta stroke and coat that salve for maximum healing, well there's no telling! Ok, time ta go - more next time, after my mental evaluation. In the meantime I'll be enjoying the view of the fairgrounds and dreaming about all those animals in all those smelly stalls. Well, later. Dick.

COMICS '84  
A SERIOUS LOOK



Ah yes, the comic book. Do you remember when they only cost a dime? I don't, but I do remember those 80 page giants. You know, the ones with 80 action-filled pages for only a quarter. Now ya get 32 pages for 75 cents. Ah yes, the good old daze...

Despite the big bucks and general loss of innocence (and despite what the Comics Journal says) comics are just getting better and better. Better paper, brighter inks, shorter drum solos. And 84 was the year that was. Lets have a look:

The big bad news was the axing of THRILLER after only 12 issues. Those of you in the know know tha THRILLER was one of D.C.'s most innovative, brain-splattering (not to mention strange) concepts in years. I mean, it made yer thought-processes squirm. Unfortunately Von Eeden (art) and Fleming (words) couldn't get along so they split (after 7 whole issues!) and were replaced by DuBay and Nino, two guys who probably have trouble tying their shoes. Sales were lousey (despite critical acclaim) and the changeover only served to nail down the coffin. So long, Angle, there won't be another like you.

Was it late 83? I don't know, sometime back then. Anyway, this dude named Doug Moench (pronounced 'Mench') took over the writing chores on BATMAN and DETECTIVE and at first I hated him (I remember a scene where Batman scares-off a trio of hungry lions by staring them down). Again my instincts failed me; the man is hot. This is the best, most real Bats since Steve Englehart's stint (which I hear they're reprint-ing, yip yip) and I love Harvey Bullock. Course, I could do without the new Robin, but then, that's Gerry Conway's fault. And speakin of which; he's the one who instigated the big change in JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA. Yep, no Superman, no Flash, no Green Lantern, Wonder Woman, or Green Arrow, ie; no big guns. Now we got a chicano breakdancer an invisible sneak-thief, and a cat named Steel who redefines the word 'cliche.' So why do I like the new JLA? I HAVE NO IDEA.

Then theres the uproar over the new GREEN LANTERN. He's brash, street-wise, has no secret i.d., and he's black so ya just know he's well-hung. The much-ballyhoed Steve Englehart is scripting now, but so far I aint too impressed; probably cuz of



## COAST TO COAST FLYING PIG

### SING A JOYFULL PIG-SONG!!

I found a baby in the parking lot  
It's not very big  
He's just a tot  
Sitting in the back seat of a  
Chevrolet  
Mommie's & daddie's oughta be more  
Carefull these days  
Baby can't talk  
Won't tell me his name  
Parents like that hadn't oughta be  
Allowed to fornicate  
I push baby around in a shopping cart  
I go goo goo goo  
He go yeah yeah yeah.

### GO SOUTH YOUNG MAN! -OR- YANKEE GO HOME! DIXIE DOODLE DOO -OR- YANKEE DOODLE DANDY?

O.K., see here: if you take a map of the USA & put one index finger where you sit now & the other index finger where I sit and constipated now & measure the distance between the 2 fingers you come up with 1010 miles. Not far enough for some of you mustashioed boys & girls- I know, but it will have to do for now.

Way down South in the land of cotton. The Deep South. Dixie. This place runs on Budweiser, brother. White men go to air conditioned taverns & black men go to clap-board shacks with names like "Slick's", "Teresa's Country Club", & "R.C.'s House Of Royal Peasure". No matter. The man or woman behind the bar pulls back that tap & out flows Budweiser. Other things may not be so equal but at least these folks are democratic when it comes to beer.

Coupla weeks ago I'm sittin' in my favorite country bar, "Corky's". The Judds are singing "What About Me" on the juke box & I'm talkin' to this dude named Billy Ray. He's a 'Ridge Runner', from the hills of Tennessee. 'Bout 35 years old. His teeth are rotting & when he talks the smell of decay cuts through the cigarette smoke.

"Hey, man. Com'mon out to the truck- I wanna show ya sumpin'".

We tote our cans of Bud out to the parking lot. It's raining cats & dogs. We sit in the cab.

"You like coke, man?"

"Naw. It don't do much for me... You know..."

"Well Hey- try summa this". He pulls a zip lock bag from underneath the front seat. There's probly an inch of cocaine in the bottom of the bag. He opens a book of matches & dips the cover into the bag & drops a pile out onto the dashboard. He chops it up with a double edged razor blade & separates it into about a dozen little hills. It's pouring down rain & the windows are fogged. We sit out there & sniff the stuff up. He starts babbling about drugs & money & it's boring me to death. The shit races down my spine & I sit up straight. I scratch behind my ear & stick a finger up my nose to clear it out.

"Blah Blah Blah", his accent is so thick I can barely understand him. I find a stick of gum on the seat & unwrap it savagely. Christ, my hands are shaking. I keep running them through my hair. The gum falls out of my mouth- I forgot it was in there. He opens the baggy a second time & dips the match book in & sets out a larger pile. He chops it up again, but real messy

this time. There's white powder over half the dash, & many little mounds. We continue breathing it in our nostrils. One pile at a time. I quit counting. I couldn't see out the windows, the moisture was too thick. Billy Ray starts talking about niggers. Like we're fraternity brothers or something.

"They're alright by themselves- but get 'em together & they ain't worth a damn... Hell most of 'em don't even know who their daddy is... Never lend 'em a dollar- you'll never see it again... Ya can't believe anything they tell ya... As long as they got enough money to get drunk they're happy..."

I forgot about the Bud between my legs. My mouth is parched & I pour the contents of the can down my throat. My legs have gone numb. I gotta get out. NOW.

"Hell, most of 'em haven't even got a driver's license..."

All the little hills are gone now. My heart is beating wildly but somehow it seems weak. My mind is racing but it doesn't seem connected to my mouth. I pick up the razor blade & run my finger across the blade. It is dull. I slowly scrape it along the dash & push together some stray dust into a line. I place the straw to it & suck it up my nose. The fucker won't quit talking! The whole scene is frozen in slow motion like an old film that grinds to a halt in a faulty projector.

"Shit, man- I picked this one nigger up hitching-"

The rain batters the roof & I feel my right hand clench into a fist.

BAM! It slams down hard onto the arm rest. I didn't know it was coming. I stare at the Ridge Runner & my eyes flash crazy. He stares back at me, surprised, blinking. I look into his beard & see tiny bits of scum sticking to his whiskers. I feel my mouth open, my voice is dry & hollow.

"Yeah... Well I'm the biggest, fattest, smelliest nigger you ever met..."

It sounded unsure & without direction. Billy Ray eyed me from over the top of his wire rimmed glasses & started to grin at me like a fucked up hill billy. I continued to stare at him- my eyes blazing in the silence.

"I'm just light skinned, man".

I jerked the door open & stood up in the rain. The beer can fell from my lap & bounced on the pavement. I closed the door & walked slowly over to my car.

I got my car out onto the road. The wind shield wipers could not keep up with the deluge. I could not concentrate. It was late afternoon & I felt dehydrated. I needed a haircut & remembered this black dude that I work with told me that the cheapest place on the island was down toward the bridge to the mainland at a place called "Sneed's". I was headed in that direction & it seemed to take forever, although I don't remember making the trip. It was about 6 miles down, on the right hand side of the road. I pulled up & parked in front of a small turquoise cinder block building. On the front window were large, crudely painted block letters. It simply read SN- EED'S.

I walked in a crooked wooden door & sat down & combed my hair. The 3 or 4 customers looked at me & I picked up a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The small t.v. set had a coat hanger for an antenna & the reception was very poor. They were watching basketball. A small wood burning stove sat in the corner. The chairs were hard & uncomfortable & my head was pounding. There was one barber chair & one barber. All the men were black.

One by one they got their hair cut. When they were done they sat back down & watched the game & talked quietly among themselves. A small cardboard sign on the wall advertised HAIRCUTS: \$4.00.

"Thank you, Mr. Sneed", the last man said as he stepped away from the barber chair.

Finally, it was my turn. As I walked to the chair Sneed turned his back to me & looked at his reflection in the mirror. His voice was deep,

"I can't cut you'r hair, son. I don't know how to cut straight hair".

I stood in front of the mirror & stared at my reflection for a long time. He didn't say he was sorry. I sensed the other men looking at me, waiting for me to reply. I looked very pale, almost sick. My arms hung at my side & I spoke softly,

"I see". I turned & walked back to my seat. It was almost dark & the rain continued. I picked up the magazine & finished the article I had been reading. It was a about a boxer from Long Island named Jerry Cooney. The title of the article was "The Great White Hope".



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('Scuse me, I got a few windows to go check up on).





Joe Stanton's dribble-and-smear artwork. Or maybe its cuz, as boring as he was, I miss the old Green Lantern. Don't matter, though; when it comes to the new GL I'll keep my quarters for the porn shop.

As this is being scrawled the JEM:SON OF SATURN maxi-series is just ending and I for one am gonna miss the red-skinned guy. Sure, it's an old story (alien befriends boy and they proceed to pummel monkeys) but Greg Potter and Gene Colan do it up with pizzazz! Real drama, real suspense, and a cast you can actually care about. Hey, this Potter dude can write! (Yes, but can he pummel monkeys?)

The NEW TEEN TITANS are still rakin in the awards (and thus the bucks), despite the loss of artist George Perez, and though I'm one of his biggest fans it aint no big deal. Regardless of the raves I feel the Titans are just another bunch of self-righteous creeps who spend most of their time talking. I mean, panel after panel of talk, Talk, TALK. If it weren't for Changeling's quips and Starfires hugh boobies this comic wouldn't be worth the corned beef it smells like.

BATMAN AND THE OUTSIDERS, a new one that nobody expected to fly, turned out to be pretty good. All they gotta do is kill off Geo-Force and try using some...oh, what are those things called?---oh yeah, plots. Don't hold yer breath....JONNI THUNDER, AKA THUNDERBOLT, the one about the lady private eye who also has lightning powers, was a marvelous mini-series and deserves to graduate into an on-going comic. Not only is she gorgeous but she lives and breathes Raymond Chandler. Whew, good taste, good tits, what more could you want?....Then theres the CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS maxi-series which is so fluffed-up, over-rated, and CROWDED that that's all I'm gonna say about it. Save yer dough....Same goes for their DIRECTORY OF THE DC UNIVERSE, one of the most blatant rip-offs since underwater baseball....Course the best news and greatest comic OF ALL TIME is/was SWAMP THING. Written by Alan Moore and drawn by Stephan Bissett and John Tottleban, this sucker rose from being a barely selling loss-leader into one of the most critically acclaimed comics of all time. I mean, finally were got a horror comic that's actually scary. Alan Moore uses words the way Dali uses a brush: smooth, concise, with no fats or fillers. I mean, the man's a fucking genius. If you pick up only one comic a month, this should be it (start with 'The Anatomy Lesson'). Monsters, decadence, and depravity never looked so good.

And it goes on. 84 saw the industry give the Comics Code Authority the big 'heave-ho.' Now, instead of knuckling under to those old toads when they deem something 'unacceptable,' they just put the thing out without the goddamn seal. That way little kids can see murder, rape, and decapitation without mom and pop being any the wiser. Now that's progress.

Shit, all these words and I aint hardly scratched the surf. True c.b. affectionados will notice that I've completely ignored all the other comics companies out there, and that's cuz I hate em and don't read em. Why? What the fuck difference does it make? DC rules and you don't, so there. Now where's my monkey?

## bulging with spuds

The story you are about to read is true. The names have not been changed to protect the victims (but you don't know us anyway so who cares). The victims being myself, DC and Chuck. We were ruthlessly brutalized on March 18th and 19th by some thing horrible. Some thing not of this planet, and grosser than ET. No not Godzilla, this is much worse - PATÊ! Get the silver bullet and quick!! If you were to gaze upon the image of Patê, you would see a horribly distended Orga-like body, larval white in color and inundated with cellulite, topped with a head, face and hair not unlike the repulsive Medusa. The only thing Patê has on Medusa is several facial moles (that she has asked several times for my soldering iron to burn off). Sorry Patê, I need that iron.

Last Halloween the 325 lb. mama was spotted wearing: a T-shirt bearing the word 'Venice' (CA, that is); silver glitter in her unnaturally thin, permed, colorless hair; a really mod multicolor beach scene spreading child-like across her broad, pock-scared mug; red and green thread-wound Xmas balls dangling on paper clips through her ears; assorted dime store rings on her pudgy, dirty toes AND a god damn hula skirt (actually she had 3 of em tied together to saddle her girth). Whaddya think about that? Huh? Let your imagination run free as you picture this hula-ing mass of fat cells beckoning and undulating in a pseudo-sexual manner. Ummmm, look pretty for the picture Patê. Now imagine a quiet night at home..... taking 5 Percodans, drinking 1/2 of a gal. of French Colombard, smoking alot of fairly good pot and puking yer guts out, forcefully, twice then hearing the 'nails on chalk board' sound of Patê screeching out yer name from the sidewalk, along with "I know you guys are in there. I see your cars!" Sorta gives ya the heebiejee-bee's.

"Shit!... it's Patê" I choked out. "Turn off the TV. S-h-h-h" said Chuck while frantically searching for the remote control.

DC just sat there, ashen, babbling "Oh shit, oh fuck, oh shit-fuck, ohhh" - he'd made the unfortunate mistake of gobbling 2 hits of blotter before walking over to our house and was peaking heavily when Patê made her presence known.

We all had the sinking feeling of a rat trapped in an experimental genetics lab, where the situation is too weird to be under control. We all knew what it spelled when this behemoth passed through the front door: t-r-o-u-b-l-e! It was a cold snowy night but Patê lumbered in minus her shoes with toe rings a-glitter. Her dough-boy hand glunched a 3 liter jug of diet Coke, which she raised in greeting and said "Thirst-busters! - gotta glass? How about some ice? didja see my new tatoo? It's a pink flamingo! Where's your pot? I left Rick for good! Anybody want some bubblegum? Where's the drugs? Hi Dave!", she smiled showing plaque skinned teeth. I grimaced. The smile was meant for DC and he received it with a shudder.

"Awk! Eggs, eggs" he responded with a shout, the next moment erupting with laughter.

Chuck, meanwhile, had almost sunk completely into the couch but recovered enough to spit out "how lovely to see you again Patty. We were just leaving as a matter...."

"No you weren't" interrupted Patê "whys the Trivia Pursuit game out? How come you're wearing sweat pants and slippers? She's obviously not going anywhere either!" motioning porkishly towards me, "I smell cookies and I'm staying. Stop laughing Dave!"

DC was still unabashedly giggling and with difficulty squeaked out "YOU- HEW I'm getting a blister" before falling on the floor, hysterically crying and clutching his sides.

Chuck and I looked towards each other. As we made eye contact our lips raised simultaneously - we knew what we were in for! I won't bore you with all the gruesome details - let it suffice to say we spent the next 5 hours being verbally, visually, and physically abused by this eight ton o fun. I know I can't think of more fun than being insulted and fondled in my own home.

It seemed life had once again played a cruel trick on Patê - as it had happened her husband (Rick) had run off leaving this walking polska in heat. She chose DC to satisfy her 'uncontrollable urge' not knowing or caring what his feelings on this matter were. Patê, the sly slut, waited until we had all either passed out or gone to bed and were asleep before she made her move to mate. Slithering on the floor like a great naked maggot - she wormed her way into the spare bedroom and quietly (?) slipped beneath the blankets, lips glistening in sexual anticipation and fell upon the sleeping

DC. According to Patê - his unit 'accidentally' slipped into her mouth and 'got stuck.' According to DC - she clung on for dear life (not unlike the lamprey eel) and would not let go. Finally overcoming revulsion and realizing the potential fun, DC calmly slipped a blanket over his head and tried as hard as he could to pretend it was Farrah, as his hands began to meander over the vast whiteness. If only he had realized it was actually a roll of under arm fat he sucked instead of the shapely bosom of the 'angel' he thought, but alas. This new fantasy vision was ruptured by a ring bearing index finger ramming its way up the poor lads 'poop shute'.

"Yeow" DC yelled with a start "trim your god damn nails, ya bitch". "Huh?" Patê spit out along with a stream of drool and DC's semi-limp unit. "Dontcha like it? I do! Do me, oh god, do me!!" She began to shift her massive pelvis and thighs slowly up and down DC's bare calf. I'm sure he must have expected her to begin whimpering and whinning, so that couldn't have been what made him shove the meatball aside and make a dash for the bathroom, but nevertheless something caused him to release enough adrenaline to perform this herculean feat. Maybe sheer terror? He reached the toilet with seconds to spare and promptly deposited the remains of dinner 14 hours ago. As he worshipped the porcelain god, he felt the wet heat of blood oozing, like butt-crack-sweat-trickle, making its way down from a tiny cut right on the ol spincter.

"I gotta get outta here" he mumbled. Like Buford Pusser with his official oak stick, DC bravely went back to get his clothes. Patê lay spread and bare on the bed forcefully massaging her genitals and breathing, loudly, through her mouth. Quivering in disgust DC made the sign of the cross with his index fingers (for luck) - he nabbed his pants, socks and Tshirt in one fell swoop, rolled upright and ran.

"Oh Bruce, you're the Boss - supervise me, beat me, make me a woman" Patê moaned in response. I can only assume she fantasied Bruce Springsteen was giving her the 7 knot nylon treatment, just like her ex used to do. "Do it again till ya get it right" she'd say.

She was a beast! A grimy rubber blow up doll knows no more than Patê in the office violation department. But dirty dolls don't molest you - you molest them and they stay where you put 'em, not Patê. She then crawled into our room and made a move on me, maybe it was just a nightmare but I doubt it. For awhile, after slowly awakening, I thought it'd been the dog licking my back and shoulder. That's why I said "get down!" rather harshly. When the saliva bath continued, I reflexively threw a fist in the intruders direction. The punch connected with something soft and breadlike, I heard a little whimper in the dark and later the sound of something big moving into the hall. Still drugged I went back to sleep and when we got up the next morning Patê was gone. So was 1/2 of a left-over pot roast, the last 7 Perc's, a molded loaf of Wonder bread and my turkey baster.....

Patê did come back the very next day - it seemed she'd lost a toe ring in the couch and needed it real bad, so she came back to search. But that's another story, when we return with Patê's II - the Next Day.

## Guessed Editorial.

Memo from: JoShop.

In case of actual emergency, you would have been advised to stay-tuned to your local station for further instructions and to KILL all immediate goldfish.



Shy people eat more than there are available, donuts. I only foresee the inevitable franchising of normal behavior because there is not one person qualified who can mass produce any other form of thought. Successfully. Variations on a theme, my DEAR DEAR friends, is simply all I can muster at this point in my natural development. I'm working towards "Cosmic Overview" but you need to give me all your Common Sense, ya see, and I'll return to you equal parts Rampant Madness.



(SURE!!)

SEX WITH A GARDEN WEASEL?



JOHN 'BABOON' CRAWFORD: ROCK CRITIC!  
A Serious Look

Lets face it: he's everywhere. Love him or hate him the dude is everywhere. All the major zines have run his stuff at least once, and even some not-so majors. We're speaking, of course, of John Crawford's classic comic strip 'Baboon Dooley: Rock Critic.' And it should be everywhere, cuz, hey, this is some extremely powerful shit. Mostly cuz it makes ya think about yer-self. Ya see, Dooley is an asshole. Big-hearted, certainly well-intentioned, but an asshole none the less. He's trendy, easily manipulated, and stupid. Just like you and me. He's a failed musician, a failed punk, basically a failed human. He's every pseudo-intellectual you ever wanted to pee on. He's a whiner. Sure, he hates MTV, but only cuz he feels he's supposed to. He's the kinda guy who buys all the 'hip' punk records for the 'heavy' political content and when a friend asks 'Okay, Dooley, now that you know all those things what are you gonna do?' says 'Become a collector!' Obviously a man to ignore.

The thing is, that while there are many inept goofs in comics most of them are still lovable in one way or another. Not so with the Bab. I mean, theres nothing to endear you towards this geek. He's the pimply creep who used to shake and make you nervous. And he's you.

John Crawford, whoever he is, may not agree with these assessments and I could be barking up the wrong hand grenade. Whats new, huh? The art's the high point here, any way. Now, I don't know who John loved as a child but I suspect he was more into Ramona Fradon than Curt Swan (we're talkin comic books here, folks). Lets be understated: the man goes for the abstract. Simple, sure, but wierd simple. Strange shapes and psychedelic bands of what looks like film fill the skies. Bodies are long and thin, like spaghetti with limbs. From the side view mouths hang low and seem to float. And those eyes! Looks to me like he's been surrendering to too many voids. I mean, this aint 'easy' art, and it along with the intricate lettering may throw a few bungholes off (that plus the great J.C. versus Maximum Rockroll debate, about which you'll hear nothing from me). Oh well, tough tittie. Suffice to say that J. Crawford is the R. Crumb of the eighties. He's that important. And that good. This is the best on-going underground comic in the last decade, and will be, ultimately, the most influential. My only complaint is that Baboon, like the Joker, needs a girlfriend. Someone just as screwed-up as he is. C'mon, John, let him be happy (if only for awhile)! Even a dork deserves that.

GRIM FACTS - DR. V

"Good afternoon, have a seat while I check your chart. Say, I couldn't help but notice that mole on your neck. Can I touch it? It looks carcinogenic - let's remove it. I'll get the tools!" Often I have said the above -sometimes twice in one day! Moles, skin tags,

warts and cysts! Visually disgusting skin growths that plague virtually every race of mankind and cause extreme embarrassment and self consciousness.. You think no one notices these little flaws. WRONG, you're fooling yourself. Moles and other growths are obvious and everyone notices them, so now, take charge of your body and stop the creeping lesions like you'd stop invading commies! With common household items and hand tools you can perform minor facial and torso surgery on yourself and save BIG bucks (no waiting in a stuffy office with boring magazines either). For example, let's perform a simple skin-tag-ectomy. Here's a list of what you'll need: a pencil tip soldering iron, scalpel or sharp blade tomato knife, diagonal tip cutting pliers, tweezers, ice cubes, isoprophyl alcohol, cotton balls, a small fabric needle, dental floss or waxed thread, plenty of gauze and band-aids. As your first line defense against infection, care must be taken to maintain a sterile field around the target site so BEFORE beginning the surgical procedure ALWAYS take these precautions before breaking the skins surface.

1. Clean the site thoroughly with isoprophyl alcohol.
2. Sterilize all necessary tools.
3. Anesthetize the area with ice or liquid cocaine
4. Wash your hands thoroughly AND always remember, NO SNEEZING on the sterile field!

Now you're ready to begin doctor! The soldering iron can often serve the purpose of a dermatologists electro-cautery loop when skin tag removal is in order. Using the tweezers, grab the hanging end of the tab and pull till taunt. Hold the iron like a pencil and slice through the base of the adhesion in a surface parallel motion. You may notice an odor similar to the Humane Society aroma for a minute or two. (For those sickened by the smell of burning tissue, I'd opt for the diagonal cutters or scalpel). The soldering iron will, however, cauterize the skin and prevent unnecessary bleeding while the cutter technique can yield a tiny oozing clot and stain your clothes.....

Now wait you say "what about the other items I've gathered but not used?". Well, use your head! Mole and cyst removal usually require a suture or two and who has cat gut laying around? Not me, so I recommend economizing and using waxed dental floss and a sharp, clean fabric needle. Pretend you're lacing up a tennis shoe and stitch that incision up. You'll want to remove the stitches in 2 to 5 days (depending on the area) and the waxed floss really comes out easy and with minimum trauma to the surgical area. WARNING - an incision that discharges pus and appears red in color may signal infection - so keep the area covered and check it often. Take pride in your work and show your friends. If, by some odd coincidence, anyone from the AMA contacts you DO NOT tell them who suggested you 'take up the knife' and also, for those of you who have any access to Dilaudid -there has been an emergency recall and I've been authorized to exchange the defective product. So find those tabs of Dilaudid and send them to me before any one gets hurt.

HEALTH HINT: brown or black or bleeding moles generally indicate your home is built over a radioactive waste dump.

R.: Send those Dilauidids to me NOW.... OK?? Please!! Use Federal Express and give 'em my charge number.... hurry!



WHY BLACK FLAG STINKS!

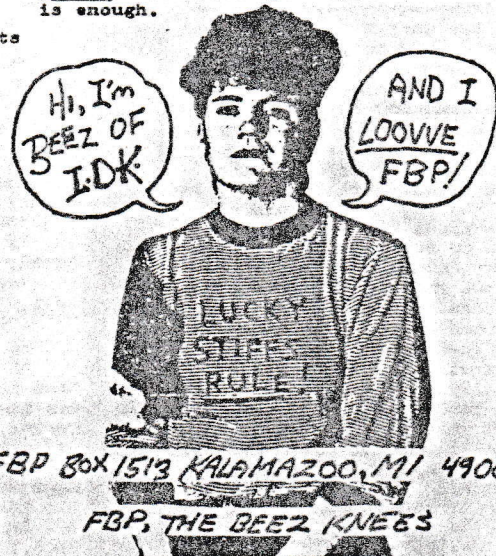
You're in the auditorium. Expectation are high, spirits soaring. Suddenly the band launches into their first song. It's an instrumental, heavy metal thunder, and its 20 MINUTES LONG. Fist fly up, bics dot the darkness. The crowd goes wild. Then (finally) out dances the singer. He's got tight pants, no shirt, a perfect bod. And lonng flowing hair. He struts, he preens, he keeps playing with his hair. The bics go up, the crowd again goes crazy.

And who is this band? Journey? Van Halen? Molly Hatchback? Why no, you little tinkertoys, its BLACK FLAG, everyone's favorite punk band. Least they used to be. Too bad it only lasted for one album ('Damaged'). After that they gave us 'My War,' which everyone pretty much agrees was dog shit, and its been down-hill ever since. Now its rockstarisms, bad poetry, and lame, lame metal. No more concise slices of life like '6 Pack' or 'Rise Above,' now its long drawn-out sissy squeals that go on for 5, 6, sometimes 7 minutes or more. Course, alotta the blame has to go to Greg Ginn who seems to have swallowed the old 'guitar-solo-as-mastabatory-exercise' tri whole, and apparently thinks we share his fetish for screechy boredom. But most of the blame must be placed squarely on Henry Rollins shoulders cuz he's the one who thinks he's hot shit on a biscuit. Like I said, he struts, he preens, and he keeps FUCKING WITH HIS HAIR. Like nobody ever had long hair or somethin. Hell, he even leans into the crowd and lets the little boys and golls touch it! Oooh, pretty exciting, huh? Yeah, just like last week's hot-dog water.

But hey, just to prove I aint the Lone Ranger here, let me print some excerpts from a letter by Tom Foster that ran in MaxRnR #22. Take it away, Tommy!

(Complains about \$13.50 ticket price) "At the beginning of the show, I aired my disappointment to Henry. He replied snott-like and said 'Oh, I'm the one that makes the prices!' Then, waving his hands, said 'Why don't you leave?!!' Now I can say tha I WAS one of the biggest fans of Black Flag. Now Henry is a teen-idol who can't put on more than shorts and whose ego is unsurpassed. Henry and his cast of bouncers didn't allow one stage-diver. Maybe all the boos, fuck yous, and spitting they deservedly got will keep them away. For \$13.50 and no stage-diving, I was expectin Duran Duran (and seats). Trash it, Henry!"

Yuppers, trash it indeed. Trash Greg (if I wanna hear quality noise guitar I'll take Elight's Steve Miller. At least he wears nice scarves), trash the 'anguished 'gut wrenching,' 'my life is so bad cuz my socks don't match' lyrics, and please, please trash fucking Henry. One Ted Nugen is enough.



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FBP, THE BEEZ KNEES



# I DON'T WANT MY MTV!

First off, no comment on the USAfrica jam session, consequent video and publicity! Some say I don't sing as well as Pat (Ooh-ooh) Benatar, or break my hand as cool-ly as Tom (uhhh-haw) Petty, or even boogie in a short skirt like the three Pointers BUT at least when I close my mouth my upper lip naturally covers my teeth. So there!

Has anyone ever noticed that the intro to 'Rockin at Midnight' sounds exactly like the intro to 'The Curly Shuffle'? Look at da grouse, eh. Is female hormone usage on the rise, or do most of the men on MTV naturally look like emaculated wimps? Hanoi rocks, for sure.

Yes concerned viewers, it's taken awhile but I've finally stopped vomiting from wanting (and getting) my MTV - hey wait, suspiciously enuff I ceased to spew as soon as Mark quit broadcasting 'Like a Virgin' every hour. No wait longer, I stopped blowin chow when I nixed eating those bar-a-queed vienna sausages (it's the same difference though).

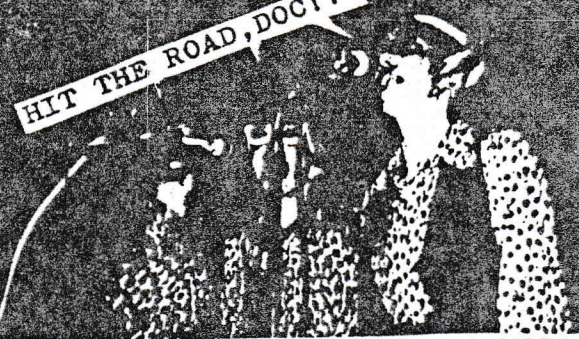
If modern science hasn't discovered the 8th wonder of the world, what else would you call Martha Quinn's brain? Let me elaborate, I mean trivia recall..Does this perky pixie genuinely know all the answers to the Trivia Q or does that innocently timed commercial (Dr. Pepper) always follow the question? OK Martha, quick, who's Deniz Tek? I'll give ya 60 seconds and no Dr. Pepper, if ya don't know I'll have ta slap ya. What Mom? Ok-ok I'll turn it down.

All right, enough babbling - time for the main course (and see if ya can't sink yer sub into this one!) - the options you CARE about!! - the MTV review! Just lemme grab my oil filter wrench and let's

torque on down to some John Parr. 'Naughty-naughty' is right, as John lives up to his name. Which, by the way, literally means: a young salmon actively feeding in fresh water. This maggot-like reincarnation of Ricardo Montalban on hard drugs does truly represent the epitome of vile, tasteless, success-grubbing, 'suck-my-dick-cos-I-know-ya-wanna'-ism. Not only is this guitar tunin guy over 40 and narcissistic, but I'll wager he's applying Gretian formula at this very moment. Give John-boy a 9.5 in both the hairless chest and heart shaped key fob hackey sack departments though. And, oh Jesus, that girl passanger in the Mustang - where did she come from? She reminds me of Gulu or Petula Clark or even Tommy James. And let's not forget the singing grease monkeys OR the sex-pot, tartly symphos that should be arrested for lewd and lascivious motel behavior. GOOD GOD! I'd personally rather OD on downers and choke on my own puke than pork that pig! I know San Fran is full of homos but this is ridiculous. Who's kidding who? All I have to say is I hope I never need a blood transfusion from you John! If ya get my drift. UHHHH ta-ta-ta tease me, patocio!

And John, take that dead tuna out of your pants. It really smells and a cucumber works better anyhow.

HIT THE ROAD, DOC!!!



AND DON'T YA COME BACK NO MORE

An Exorcism

-Dr. Dead

So anyway, Tasha dumped me for some thin white duke with a car and drugs and everything and I'm living in this house full of newlyweds and guitars, just sittin around on a Tuesday night, thinking, not thinking, wavering between suicide or another quart, when the doorbell rings. Against my better judgement, I answer it.

'Ay, Doc!'

Shit.

'Hiya, Willy.'

My god. I'm flat broke, my life's in turmoil, and Tasha's greasin her ass for somebody else's cock, and now, adding cruel insult to major injury, I got Willy. Willy the Twitch. I met him at some intellectual picnic where they played nothing but rag-gae and all the girls kept asking 'Where's the coke? Where's the coke?' I mean, these people were so goddamn dainty that meeting Willy was a real breath of fresh air. I mean, the fucker's gross. Tall, skinny, slimy as fuck. He chain-smokes continually, never changes his clothes, and has these shitty little rats-eyes that are constantly darting, searching for something to steal. How could I not be drawn to him? We got smashed, harrassed their women, and eventually stole their keg. I don't remember much after that but I do remember that it was one of those friendships-outta-nessesity and seeing him later I realized I really couldn't stand the motherfucker. He always comes around though, with his fulla-shit talk and empty head. Luckily for both of us he always brings beer.

'Well, aint ya gonna invite me in?'

I looked at his twelve pack.

'C'mon in.'

We sat down, him on the couch, me in a broken easy-chair, and popped two beers. It started there.

'You don't look so good, Doc' he said

'Is it the old lady?'

'Ehh...'

'Yeah, I know. You gonna be alright?'

'Of course I'll be alright' I said

Nobody ever died from a goddamn broken heart.'

'You don't say that like you believe it.'

'I don't believe it.'

And the subject would change. Temporairaly. But he kept coming back to it.

'So what the hell happened?'

'Everything' I said. 'And nothing. Mostly nothing.'

'Oh, in other words she didn't suck cock.'

'What?!!'

'I said-'

'I heard what you said!' I snapped 'And that had nothing to do with it. It had to do with neglect, whoredom, and sleaziness, on my part.'

'Okay, and did you eat her pussy?'

'Sure. About a thousand more times than she sucked my cock.'

'Ah ha!'

And again I'd steer away from it. I mean, it'd been 3 weeks short of eternity since the break-up and all I wanted to do

was listen to Butchers and get drunk. Maybe bone-up on my bullwhip techniques. I'd lost 15 pounds and looked more gorgeous than ever, and I liked that. I liked the freedom and the open-dating sitch and the fact that I'd never have to listen to Julien Lennon again. The depression I figured I'd learn to live with. But no, it was other people's perspectives that over-heated my engine. I mean, just cuz they see you crying at Butthole shows they figure they gotta give you their thoughts on life and love, right and (what I did) wrong, and the correct way to handle it. (The 'correct' way usually involving games, schemes, and manipulation). And now it was Twitchie's turn.

'Listen, Doc...'

'I don't wanna listen, I wanna drink.'

'A couple more?'

'Please.'

And he popped two more, handed me one. I prayed for war.

'I saw that one singer-bitch today' he said.

'Singer-bitch?'

'Yeah, you know, the one with the big red lips.'

'Oh, Kayla. She still carrying e.e. cum-mings around in her garter-belt?'

'Far as I know. You ever fucked her?'

'Nah' I said 'But I did peek through a window once...'

We sat in silence awhile, chugging. Popped two more. The beer was kicking in but I weren't feelin no better. My own fault; I thought of the girl and her panties and her funny way she said

'oncet' and 'twicet.' The silence moved. And in my heart, a few eggs broke. I remember thinking 'This really is how it feels.

I've felt it before, I'm feelin it now, and ----again? No, I don't think I could do that. Not again.

'I got a new crowbar.'

'Huh?' I said, snapping back.

'I got a new crowbar.'

'A new crowbar, great. Now, what are you gonna do with your new crowbar?' I asked, meowing.

'I keep it under my pillow. Just in case some chick I pick up decides not to put out.' He sneared, his eyes glassy.

'Just kidding.' Then he threw his head back and began laughing hysterically. Loud, insane laughter. I killed my beer.

The thing is, it will happen again. It has to. Again and again, for years. For the rest of my life. I suddenly cursed my youth and hated love. I squeezed my can. I felt a surly geyser rise up inside me.

Oh well, Twitchie was there.

Popping another, I said

'You realize, Twitch, that you are one extremely fucked-up human being.'

'Huh, whats that mean?'

'I mean, yer flipped-out, yer mind is outta gas, yer 12 cookies short of a dozen'

'Hey, don't start in on me. Yer the one who's sittin there lookin like ya just lost yer best friend!'

And, indeed, I did. And that was the worst part of it. Sure, we could still have lunch and even knock off a quickie now and then, but still, she was his girl and I could only see her when he didn't. Some call that 'indirect power.' I call it fucked.

'Listen, Twitch, we're talkin ten years, here. Hell, you freak-out if yer one-night-stand doesn't wake-up promising eternal devotion and cheeseburgers for life!

Twitch, there's an armada of lizards inside chest, clawing, ripping at my guts! I aint askin for your pity or your sympathy, just don't expect me to be Deady the Clown. I hurt, motherfucker!'

I covered my face with my hands, tasted---salt? 'I hurt so fuckin bad...'

'Hey, Doc, does that radio work?'

'WHAT???'

'Does that radio work?'

I couldn't believe it. He hadn't heard a word. Just sat there looking innocent.

'Sure' I said, shaking my head, hating his fucking guts and, finally, laughing out loud

'It works.'

Getting up, I turned it on, found a coun-try station. Eddie Rabbit was singing about his first love: sucking horse cock. I felt better.

ORIGINAL COVER BY MIKE KALUTA © DC COMICS

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